

REAL CHARACTERS,

A N D

Genuine Anecdotes.

BRITISH



MUSEUM



REAL CHARACTERS,

AND

Genuine Anecdotes,

POLITICAL,  
POLITE,  
GALLANT,  
THEATRICAL,  
INTRIGUING,  
PRUDISH,

COQUETTISH,  
WHIMSICAL,  
AMOROUS,  
RIDICULOUS,  
LITERARY,  
&c. &c.

Interpersed with some

Fugitive Miscellaneous Pieces

O F T H E

Best Modern Authors and Poets.

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*Eye Nature's Walk, shoot Folly as it flies;  
And catch the living Manners as they rise.*

POPE.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BINGLEY, opposite Durham-  
Yard, in the Strand. 1769.



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## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE editor of this performance will not pretend to say, that it is deserving of the attention of every man in polite life, or who is willing to be acquainted with it, or that it contains some of the most uncommon characters, and most curious anecdotes that ever were collected in print; but this he will venture to aver, that he found more amusement in the perusal of them, than he has met with in any book of the kind published within his memory.

A

This

This assertion may, perhaps, be considered as the effect of mere vanity in the author; but when the reader is assured, that the greatest part of the manuscripts was found among the papers of a certain literary gentleman, lately deceased, (probably never intended for the public eye) upon a variety of scraps of paper in a post folio, it is hoped this suspicion will cease.

The reader will be enabled to collect from some anecdotes, to whom the public is really indebted for this curious collection; and, if any apology is necessary, it is to those who may fancy themselves hinted at in these sheets.

The editor is very sensible, that private characters should, in general,

ral, be held sacred ; but surely the follies, extravagancies, vices, and impertinencies of the age are fair game ; and if a certain theatrical mimic may be allowed to bring the very *persons* in view, whom he thinks sufficiently ridiculous to be exposed, it is certainly more excuseable to lash only their foibles in print, and leave them to fill up the asterisks ; or, which he could more willingly wish, take a hint from the justness of the satire, and reform their behaviour.

The editor will not pretend to deny, that there are many characters which he could trace in real life ; but, at the same time, he is compelled to acknowledge, there is not one hinted at that is not justly reprehensible.

It is the vice and not the man, that the satire is here pointed at; and it is to be lamented, that we have not an Addison or a Steele, whose lucubrations formerly tended to enlighten and reform. Folly and extravagance were, perhaps, never at a greater height, than when the Tatlers and Spectators so agreeably rallied the considerate part of their readers out of their errors. The Rambler, the Connoisseur, and the World, are now no more, whose striking portraits were held to public view, and which kept a curb upon the vanities of the rising generation. Every production, therefore, that is destined to the same end, may certainly be considered as meritorious. How far the beaux, the belles, the coquets, the prudes, the fops, the petit maîtres, and the puppies; together



together with the politicians, the braggadochios, the gamblers, the poetasters, the witlings, the flirts, and the demireps, (with a long train of et ceteras) of the present period, are equally deserving of attention, as those signalized by our predecessors of the quill, the following pages will greatly exemplify. And if any candid reader will point out any one character, *really virtuous*, that hath *improperly* found admision, or acquaint the publisher with the reformation of any culprit, such information shall immediately be properly attended to; and whether any other editions of this work should, or should not, take place, the party injured, or the patient cured, shall, in the first instance, be relieved; and, in the second, removed from the sick ward.

Those



Those miscellaneous pieces that are interspersed, are, as well as the characters and anecdotes, entirely original; and, as they were thought worthy of being preserved from oblivion, and, in many respects, tend to illustrate some leading incident, the reader will certainly not be displeased at meeting with them here. The poetry stands nearly in the same predicament, and therefore requires no other apology.

Upon the whole, the editor flatters himself that his learned readers, as well as those whose curiosity may excite them to a perusal of this collection, will think themselves obliged to him for the trouble he has taken, in rescuing these curiosities from that fate  
which

which threatened them before they fell into his hands ; but if he only meet with the approbation of the sensible and impartial part of mankind, he is little solicitous of the applause of the multitude.

*Gray's-Inn,*  
*Feb. 1.*

THE EDITOR.

REAL

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## REAL CHARACTERS,

A N D

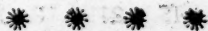
### Genuine Anecdotes.

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**O**STENTATIO, (who knows not Ostentatio?) the brilliant, the superb, the gallant, the witty Ostentatio. If any one is still unacquainted with his character, he must soon discover him by these few *traits*. He never spends sixpence in private, but borrows money to bestow in alms.—He is always the paymaster in every company; but makes after-demands to more than the amount.—He never pays his creditors, being protected by a certain foreign  
B                      minister;

minister; he nevertheless, in public, frequently obliges a stranger with the loan of ten or twelve pieces.—He hoards up bad sixpences to give to the poor, which he purchases for halfpence, wherever he meets with them. His coat is generally embroidered over a third day's shirt. He makes subscriptions for needy gentlemen and ladies, but always finds the proper application to himself. He has two garretteer poets, and a ballad rhymster in constant pay, whom he supports with a beef steak and a pot of porter, in order to pawn their brains for the support of his genius. He is a man of infinite intrigue, and pays three ladies lodgings to have the reputation of keeping them, though they all agree that they are vestals upon his account. He is a water drinker in all public companies, by which means he escapes from all wine reckonings; but in private houses he can drink claret like an Irishman. He is an implacable adversary to vails, and will never keep a servant till all rogues

rogues in livery are hanged. He admires our ancient dramatic writers; but having read and seen them so often, there is nothing new under the sun; and as to the modern race of theatrical scribblers, they are so much beneath contempt, that, in his opinion, they are not worth damnation at the expence of three shillings. Ostentatio hath, in fine, united prodigality and parsimony; and, thereby, some would be inclined to imagine, brought them to a happy medium: but whilst he skulks out of a coffee-house, to avoid spending three-pence, like a gentleman, he flings a shilling to a nosegay wench, because he is in sight of a woman in high keeping.



Hilario has, for a long time thought himself possessed of all those accomplishments which constitute the gentleman. His figure is somewhat above the middle size, rather plump than elegant.



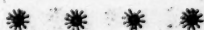
gant.—He had learnt to dance, with grown gentleman, in Cow-lane, read Hoyle, and had his teeth scaled by Ruspini. Hilario henceforward thought himself the standard of taste: no man disputed more vehemently about the cut of a sleeve—no man wore a more determined *Nivernois*. He had exulted one day with Eumenes upon dress. Eumenes, unaffectedly elegant, and simply genteel. Hilario had exploded every part of Eumenes' dress, upon its being antique. In the evening they met at Ranelagh door; Hilario, after having paid his half-crown, was refused admittance—he was suspected of being a footman, and no one in livery is admitted. His dress was indeed suspicious—he had a green coat, with white metal buttons, and a red cape; and every other part of his dress so strongly corroborated his being a knight of the rainbow, that, had not Eumenes vouched for his gentility, he must have returned for another dress to have gained admittance.

Mrs.





Mrs. ———, who resides at Hoxton, and is upwards of 70 years of age, was lately inoculated for the small pox, being apprehensive of the fatal effects of that disorder, and the ravages they might still make upon her charms, as she is in hopes, like Ninon de l'Enclos, of making many conquests, when even past her grand climacteric.



A certain nobleman, as famous for his courage as his wit, being a short time since at Cornelys's, having his spectacles on, and looking about for some of his female acquaintance, in despair, thus addressed an old school-fellow of his—"Egad, Tom, it's impossible to meet with a woman one knows; formerly, one was sure of finding some of one's female acquaintance, when they wore their  
" own

“ own natural faces—but now, they are  
 “ all in masquerade; the only difference  
 “ between this and that in the Hay-  
 “ market is, that there they wear black  
 “ velvet masks; here they consist of  
 “ white lead and vermillion; but the  
 “ deception is equal.”

A proper sequel to this anecdote, is  
 what lord C—— said, upon being  
 asked, when lady —— was at court?  
 “ No one has seen her *face* here these ten  
 years.”



Mr. N——, who is famous for story-  
 telling, and who is not always very te-  
 nacious of relating nothing but what is  
 strictly matter of fact, was one day  
 asked by lady T——d, after telling a  
 very improbable tale, that had not  
 gained much applause, “ why he gave  
 “ his mind so much to lying?” “ To  
 “ tell you, for once, the truth,” my  
 lady, said he, “ I do it to hold my imra-  
 “ gination in full practice, and keep my  
 “ hand

“hand in”;—besides, said he, if I were to habituate myself to tell truth, I might contradict my former assertions.

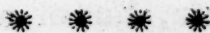


Mr. S——, who is a person of a very different turn, but of a far more retentive memory, conns over every morning half a dozen stories from the jest book, and starts a professed storyteller and *bon vivant* for the day; he has, however, always the prudence to enquire if the lady or gentleman, before whom he intends to shine, has read Joe Miller; if they have, he is silent; if not, he dashes away, and gains infinite applause for his wit and fancy.



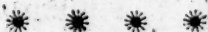
It is confidently asserted of lady ——, that her lord having some very strong suspicions of her ladyship's infidelity, and even the just right his daughters had to call him father, her ladyship made this very frank and very satisfactory

tory declaration, " I solemnly declare, my lord, that you have not the least reason to doubt of your being their father, for I protest, before Heaven, that I never injured your bed, till after I was pregnant."

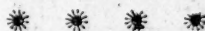


General O——, the greatest political coffee-house orator of the age, was very lately entering into the just rights of the colonies, and considering how far they were virtually and legally represented, to a group of auditors, till he at length dismissed them all very *constitutionally* to their dinners, except one, whom he had very judiciously (as he thought) secured by the button of his coat; but turning round to the waiter to order some capillaire, to enable him to wind up the bottom of his arguments, he found, upon resuming his former position, that the only auditor left him was the button in his hand, at the price of which his last hearer had made his escape.

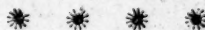
Mr.



Mr. M—, the stock jobber, publickly declared lately, upon being wished joy on his supposed marriage, “ that he should not enter into the joint stock of matrimony, till fortunes were *above par*, and provisions *no price*.”



Lady V— lately waited upon Mr. Wilkes, in the King’s Bench, to entreat him, as a particular favour, for *one Essay* on WOMAN; to which the patriot replied, “ her ladyship might certainly rely upon being indulged, if *it* had not been for some time out of print.”



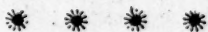
Some years since, Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the king of P—, which so nettled him, that he  
C. never

never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the bard was at Leipzig, he told count de —, one of his *aid de camp*, that he could confer a singular obligation on him: the *aid de camp*, who said he only lived to obey his majesty, was told, the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient, the count flew to execute his sovereign's pleasure. He repaired to Leipzig, and waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and enquired if he was not the author of that particular poem, to which the bard very innocently replied *yes*; "then, Sir," said he, "it is a scandal to the judgment of the present age, that you have not yet been properly recompensed for it. I have a commission, Sir, to reward you liberally for this production, and I have too great a sense of its value, and too much generosity to deprive you of any part of your due." Hav-  
ing



ing said this, he caned him very severely, whilst the unfortunate bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the count drew up a receipt, in the following terms, which he insisted upon Voltaire's signing, on pain of farther corporal punishment.

“RECEIVED of his P—M—, by the hands of the count de —, *one hundred bastinadoes, very judiciously applied* \*, for having wrote a satire upon his said majesty, in full of all demands, witness my hand, VOLTAIRE.”



Governor G—, of Portsmouth, passing by one of the centinels placed at his door, he heard the soldier sigh; “friend,” said the governor, “why

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\* The original French is more expressive, but cannot be rendered in English with equal force—*Cent coups de cane bien appliqués.*



so melancholy?" "To tell your honour the truth," said the centinel, "I have no shoes to wear." The governor, who was a wag, and judged this an ill-timed and improper application, took up a piece of chalk that lay near him, and chalked out a pair of shoes upon the centinel's box: the soldier, who had full as much vivacity as the governor, took up the chalk and drew a centinel to fit the shoes, and then quitted his post; for which he was tried for his life by a court-martial, but acquitted for archly remarking, "that a chalk centinel was fit for a chalk pair of shoes."



This same centinel afterwards became the late general D—l, by an event full as singular as the former; he was often posted at the governor's door, and, by his frequent station and handsome person, had attracted the attention of the governor's daughter, who  
was

was so enamoured with him, that she at length became pregnant by him whilst on his post. He was again tried for his life, but was saved by the lady's evidence, who deposed, "*he was under arms all the while.*" So fond a woman, and so useful an oratrix, well deserved becoming (as she afterwards did) his wife, to which connexion he was indebted for his elevation.

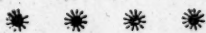


Mr. D—, the attorney, paid his addresses to a lady for a long time, without coming to an *éclaircissement*, though they kept up a long and uninterrupted correspondence; which was at length broke off by the lady, when he declared himself openly a candidate for matrimony.—“ Good Heaven !” said she, “ a husband ! I liked you very well for a friend, and a literary acquaintance—but your being a professed admirer and a lover, never once entered

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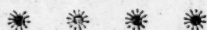
ed my head.—As to marriage, Sir, I beg to be excused—it is a state, I may, perhaps, never enter into.” This, so highly exasperated him, that he from this moment became her implacable foe. He wrote her a satyrical letter, in which he depicted her a very devil; advising her for the future to be certain that her admirers were in earnest; for that if, like him, they were only in jest, the ridicule of her refusal would retort upon herself; and concluded, with begging she would consult her faithful glass with impartiality, (if that were compatible with her vanity) and determine if it were possible for any man to be enamoured with her *delightful* person. After having thus vented his spleen, he brought her in a bill, in quality of attorney, for letters and attendance; and this matter, it is expected, will soon be litigated in one of our courts of justice.

A certain



A certain little German baron, whom the world has been so ungenerous to, as to suppose he lived entirely by gaming, was sometime since at Scarborough, and playing at piquet whilst dinner was preparing, and the forks and knives laid at an adjacent table, his adversary being provoked at an unremitting series of ill luck, and suspecting that two aces were concealed under one of his hands, most barbarously pinioned it to the table with a fork, saying, "by G—d, baron, I've detected you now." The sequel of this adventure was as fatal to the baron, as the beginning, for not only the aces were by some unaccountable accident found under his hand, but the implacable fox in his wrath threw the unfortunate German nobleman out of a one pair of stairs window into the street. All the consolation the baron met with upon this occasion, was from that  
arch

arch wag F—te, who happened to be pissing at that time, and to whom the baron related his lamentable story—  
 “Have I not always, said F—te, dissuaded you, baron, from playing so high?”



It is not many weeks since Tom K—, one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause, the blind goddess had never till now espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-Garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, he had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet; but this was overruled by his adversary replying, his word was sufficient for a hundred times

times the sum. They renewed the party, and in a few hours Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, is a very good one, had sat up all night as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings, when he returned from his lucky vigil. Her inquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no other answer than very peremptorily saying, "Bring me a bible."—"A bible!" she re-ecchoed with some ejaculation, "I hope you have not poisoned yourself."—"Bring me a bible," continued Tom.—"I suppose," she resumed, "you've lost some great sum—but never mind, we can work for more."—"Bring me a bible, I say," still uttered Tom. "Good lord, what can be the matter?" said Mrs. K—, "I don't believe there's such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room." Thither she went then, and found part of



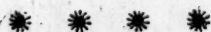
one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; whilst she all the time endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some very considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table, saying, "There, my dear, there's fourteen hundred pounds I've won to night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon, and I'll be d—d if I ever risque a guinea of it again."



A very different fate about this period attended our modern Thespis, who, after having cleared near three thousand pounds by the representation of the Devil upon Two Sticks, set out for Bath, to enjoy good company and the amusement of that place. Gaming is  
so



to immediately connected with them, that it is difficult to enjoy them, without sometimes engaging at that destructive pastime. A party at the Tuns, somewhat elevated with liquor, proposed dice, and Thespis losing his last shilling, was once more compelled to itinerate for *fame* or *bread*. He had previously invited some friends to breakfast with him the next morning, but his spirits being somewhat depressed, he hung out at his chamber door the signals of his distress, his breeches with their pockets turned inside out, and an empty purse pinned to the garters. Whilst his intended guests were endeavouring to account for this phenomenon, Thespis was engaged in writing to his friend M—p in Dublin, whom he acquainted with the ill success of the infernal epilogue to the Devil upon Two Sticks, which had reduced him to a state of d—m'd penury, from which nothing but a hellish good run of his diabolical majesty in Crow-Street could retrieve him.

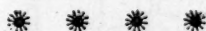


A certain counsellor (Mr. Double-fee) examining an evidence, who was a lady, and saying, " he hoped she considered what an awful occasion she was upon,—that he did not doubt from her appearance, that her education had been such as to acquaint her with the nature and solemnity of an oath ; and that, therefore, he hoped she would be tenacious of urging nothing but the strictest truth,"—" You are very right, Sir," said she, " I am acquainted with the nature and solemnity of an oath, by virtue of which I do swear—you are the most impertinent man I ever met with in my life.



When colonel C— took a lady into keeping (and he was a man of too much gallantry ever to be without one) resolving to have her entirely to himself,

self, and to prevent her gadding abroad, when she might be inconstant, he took the first opportunity of burning all her shoes, and never suffered a shoemaker to approach the house, till he was disposed to dismiss her, when recollecting her wants, she was allowed to be shod. Having recovered the use of her feet, and being thereby enabled to recover her liberty, his ladies generally deserted him immediately, without farther indulgence or recompence.



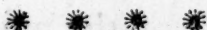
*The following anecdote of the late facetious B—ll Th—n, Esq. was communicated by himself, and may therefore be depended on.*

When he was a student at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was sometimes obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways  
and

and means; he had lately had two new suits of cloaths, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill, for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises, so that he immediately set out for the capital; and having there equipped himself with a bag wig and sword, he accompanied his Dulcinea to the play, in the pit. The second music was scarce finished, before his father came and placed himself in the seat before him: and presently turning round was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son—"What B—ll, said he, are you there?" But B—ll, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occasion but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's inquiries.

inquiries. His father was however very dissatisfied, notwithstanding B—ll's disguise, and retired before the play was finished, much chagrined. Upon his return home he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received, and added, that "he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling—an unnatural scoundrel, who had publicly disowned his father."—Mr. T—'s friend endeavoured to soften his passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an act, saying, that he could not possibly it was *Bonnell* Mr. T— had seen, and that his dress was a proof of the mistake. This, however, did not prevent his destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive satisfactory intelligence. B—ll, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father  
arrived

arrived there with his friend in the evening, and upon inquiry finding his son was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully satisfied with B—ll's filial duty.



As every thing that throws the least glimmering upon the character of so great a genius as Mr. Th—n, must be acceptable to the public, we shall make no apology for introducing the following letter, which he wrote, after impatiently waiting two hours for a French hair-dresser to equip him for St. James's. It was intended for the public advertiser, but was never before in print.

“ Mr. Woodfall,

IT is a long time since I have written to you upon any subject; politics are now a trade, and he that can make the  
most



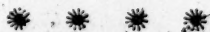
most of his profession, is considered as the most prudent dealer; the foibles of the age have been so often canvassed, that it is surprizing any thing more can be said upon the subject; and yet in despite of all that has been said, the great will keep mistresses, squander their fortunes at the gaming table, and at length become the prey of their own parasites. Women of fashion seem licensed to intrigue, and almost secure a husband by a divorce. I say, my friend Harry, these and a thousand other foibles, vices, or whatever they may be called, were you and I to preach against them from the pulpit, would still prevail; so that I shall leave them to time to be worn out and die of old age, like a septennial parliament. What I am now going to complain of, is a grievance that, I think, should be speedily remedied, as not only pernicious to Englishmen as Englishmen, but is inconsistent with reason and common sense. You must know, Mr. Woodfall, that I have sometimes

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occasion

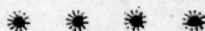
occasion to go to St. James's, and a man of any consequence would not chuse to appear in that polite circle, without being fashionably equipped at all ends. My valet de chambre is, unfortunately, a native of this island, and cannot therefore dress my hair *selon le bon ton*, wherefore I have recourse to *monfieur*, who is so civil as to make me wait sometimes two hours, and more than once beyond the possibility of appearing at court, when the only apology is *J'ai été si pressé*. To which I have sometimes added, would it had been on a *tender*. If it should happen that my valet is out of the way, and I am not shaved, the *friseur* has the insolence to tell me, *je ne fais par la barbe*; to which ridiculous idiom, I have sometimes rejoined, then unmake it you rascal, or get about your business. In Paris the best *perruquiers* will shave and dress for six livres a month; here they will not comb your hair under a shilling a time, which makes just 18l 4s a year, and you must

must either shave yourself or get somebody else to do it. There they are obliged to have a licence, which is not easily obtained unless they are freemen, otherwise they are liable to imprisonment, and even corporal punishment; here they monopolize the whole trade, without either licence or freedom. Should not, then, Mr. Woodfall, some stop be put to their impertinence and innovation? And might not a sum be raised upon them, at least equal to that upon starch? And now, Mr. Woodfall, I am talking of taxation, would not a duty upon the importation of all exotic animals, and particularly monkeys, on account of their being so vicious and mischievous, in some measure relieve the subject from some grievous or burthensome tax?"



It was a saying of Bon—ll's, "If marriage be a potion I must swallow, let the pill, at least, be gilded, that it

may the least nauseate." But T—n, like many other of the faculty \*, omitted the sweets of his own prescription when he took it, and swallowed the dose like the Benedick the married man.



L—y C—r, being an evidence in a court of justice, and very severely cross examined by the counsel for the opposite party, was for a short time at a stand to reply to a very uncommon question; but recovering herself she set the court in a titter, by saying—  
 "What has been my ruin, Sir, has been your making, I mean *impudence*, Sir."



A certain veteran, who once belonged to the navy, thought proper to be  
 deeply

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\* Mr. T—n was brought up to physic.

deeply smitten with a young lady of great beauty, fortune and rank ; he dangled, at a respectable distance, after her constantly in the park, and persevered so much in this pursuit, that he sometimes caught her eyes, excited by curiosity at incessantly seeing so strange a figure at her heels, and he never failed to construe this attention to his advantage. A certain wag gaining intelligence of this preposterous passion, resolved to raise the vanity of this aged enamorado, and sent him a letter in a female hand, as if written by this young lady, in which some kind expressions were dropt, with an invitation to drink tea on a particular day. Nauticus was in raptures at the receipt of this billet, and made every possible preparation to recommend himself on the appointed day ; and amongst the rest he had not forgot a very gay, brilliant and expensive suit, which he judged a proper compliment to his angelic mistress upon the occasion. The tedious hours seemed ages till the happy moment came, and though he  
had

had been six hours that morning engaged in dressing, he was ready three hours before the time of the rendezvous. He was at the gate punctual as the clock, and having enquired for the lady, a servant, who imagined he might be a distant relation, politely shewed him into the parlour; upon the young lady's hearing a gentleman was there, she imagined he might be a visitor to her father, and she politely waited upon him, as he was absent. She was greatly surprized, when she perceived her veteran dangler, and he as greatly so, at her visible astonishment. It was necessary an explanation should speedily take place, and he no sooner mentioned the contents of her supposed letter, than she ordered her footmen to horsepond him; which sentence was literally and severely extended in the sight of the lady, who viewed him from a window, in despite of all his remonstrances and supplications in behalf of his new, sumptuous, but unfortunate suit.

A certain



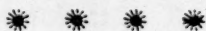
A certain famous knight, who having wedded a good estate, fancied it part of matrimonial duty to squander it as fast as possible, offered himself a candidate for a northern city, which he endeavoured to gain by surprise, for he attacked it with a bombardment of new guineas, fresh from the Mint; yet the inhabitants had the fortitude to withstand this electioneering sign, to the great surprize of all calculators, engineers and politicians.



A shrewd politician was asked by a certain patriotic nobleman, why the Germans were foremost to begin, and the last to end a continental war?—"My lord," said the politician, "if the Germans scattered their gold, and we fought for bread, the balance of power would soon be settled by those whom it concerns."

It

It was lately observed by lord C—, that the powers of Europe and the politics of its courts, have often been compared to a game at quadrille ; but that Hoyle himself would be baffled with spadille forced, and a king called, if England and France were to *pass*.



Sir S— G— sitting one day in a coffee-room, was much disturbed with a dog, which was gnawing a bone under the table, and bid the waiter kick him out ; but the waiter, in the hurry of business, omitted obeying his commands ; and the dog still continuing to be very troublesome, the gentleman swore if he did not kick the dog immediately out, he would immediately kick the waiter out. Whereupon a young fellow, who set next to him, and had more vivacity than judgment, addressed himself to the gentleman, saying, “ Sir, I perceive you are not fond  
of

of dogs.”—“ No,” replied the other, “ nor puppies neither,” retiring to the most distant part of the room.



Jemmy L—, whose character needs no comment, being one night pretty late at cards, at the St. James’s coffee-house, he at length rose up and said, “ He had nothing now to do but throw himself into the arms of Morpheus.” A certain lord, who is more famous for his wit than good-nature, asked him, “ If Ganymede would not be equally agreeable to him ?”

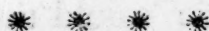


Doctor D—s, at Bath, who had a daughter that was upon the decline of age, and the verge of antiquated beauty, sent one day for an attorney of his acquaintance of that place, who was a man of property, and told him, he thought it would be prudent to make a will, as

F

no

no one knew how soon he might depart this transitory life, and accordingly the next morning set about this important business; when he bequeathed his daughter what he possessed in funds, together with his plate and moveables, and some other small legacies to distant relations. The lawyer began to discover charms in the lady, even upon parchment, and from that day commenced her professed suitor--and married her in less than three months.—Three months after the doctor died insolvent.



Lady T—, as soon as she heard of the discovery of the new island of giants, resolved to fit out a ship at her own expence to sail thither, and by stratagem, purchase, presents, or otherwise, obtain at least half a dozen of these proper-sized men or animals for her amusement, having lately lost a favourite lap-dog and her only squirrel.

N. B.

N. B. She is of opinion that they may improve the breed, and proposes instituting an academy for the propagation of fine children, near Soho, where all the French refugees of diminutive size will be allowed admittance, in order to be crossed by the Patagonians, for the benefit of the *rising* generation.



*On the agreeable Mrs. H—e leaving  
Matlock Bath, Derbyshire.*

*To Miss Nelly T—, being melancholy.*

*By Mr. G—.*

Dearest Nelly, tell me, pray,  
(You, that was so blythe and gay,  
Once the gayest of the fair,)  
Why so pensive—full of care?  
Why that look, that clouded brow,  
Have I offended—tell me how?  
“Youth,” the lovely maid replies,  
With sobbing heart and streaming eyes,

O ask me not why thus I mope,  
What joy know they, who have lost  
H—e.”



In Dublin a society meet, where there is a judge, or lord chief justice, and a jury, who try every imaginary culprit for imaginary crimes, and fine them or punish arbitrarily. This frequently creates ill blood, especially amongst strangers, who are not entirely acquainted with the nature of this court, and sometimes ends in duels.



In London the society of Lincoln's-Inn form themselves into a court of judicature; where they plead causes, but upon a more genteel and eligible plan, as no one present or absent is accused of any imaginary crimes: they never go beyond peccadilloes, or forms of law; and to this society we may attribute



attribute the success of some of the present shining ornaments of the bar.



The editor will not pretend to range the following pieces among the number of those of the best modern poets; but as they have never appeared in print, and may certainly be ranked with the whimsical productions of the age, he flatters himself the reader will not be displeased to find them have a place here.

*Inscriptions and poetry at Kingsgate, a seat of Lord Holland's, in the Isle of Thanet.*

*Upon a circular pyramid, in the form of a tower, about thirty feet high, and twelve in diameter, to the south-west of Lord Holland's house.*

D. M.

Danorum & Saxonum hic occisorum  
Dum de solo Britannico,

(Milites

(Milites nihil ad se alienum pictant.  
Britannes perfide & crudeliter olim  
expulsis)

Inter se dimicaverunt,  
Hen. de Holland  
Posuit.

Qui duces qualis hujus prætii exetus,  
Nulla notat Historia  
Annum circiter DCCCL. evenit pugna,  
Et pugnam hunc evenisse fidem faciunt  
Ossa quam plurima  
Quæ sub hoc & altero tumulo hæc  
vicino sunt sepulta.

*Inscription upon the gate.*

Olim porta Tub. Patroni. Bartholomai.  
Nunc. Regis. Jussu. Regia. Porta.  
Vocor.

Hic Exfunderunt. C. A. II. R.  
Et. JA. DUX. EBOR. 30 Jan. 1683.

*The following inscriptions are written upon the walls of the first room at the sign of captain Digby's Head, a kind of tavern, and the only house for refreshment adjacent.*

Oh ! the noble captain Digby, oh !  
 3d of July his festival.  
 Hic dies anno redeunte festus.

*Invitation to him from the ladies.*

Hic ames dici pater.

*His bravery, beauty and ingenuity.*

Vivat Bob fortis & pulcher & ingeniosus ;  
 Non alio vultu fremuit Mars acer in armis ;  
 Non alio Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

*His ingenuity.*

Ars, est, celare artem.

*His skill in his profession.*

Mari, Mari, micat pisces ;  
 This fish is a bright seaman to be sure.  
 As

*As a soldier.*

The captain's as gallant a man I'll be  
 sworn,  
 And as honest a fellow as ever was  
 born;  
 After so many hardships and dangers  
 incurr'd,  
 He himself thinks he ought to be—bet-  
 ter preferr'd.

*His prowess and gallantry.*

Wives thou shalt violate, and maids  
 deflow'r,  
 Impotent husbands shall thy visits dread,  
 And cits shall tremble for their nup-  
 tial bed.  
 No bridegroom to his feast shall thee  
 invite,  
 But fear thy charms even on his }  
 wedding night:  
 While prudent mothers, in a cau- }  
 tious fright,  
 Lock up their girls from thy too fatal }  
 sight.

*His*

*His success and beauty.*

*Ipsa favet nautis, equere nata Venus.*  
 What nymph can view this seaman  
 bright,  
 And not change colour at the sight?

*His skill in dress.*

He rides in a chair, with his hands in  
 a muff,  
 And has bought a silk coat, and em-  
 broider'd the cuff;  
 His manners so form'd, and his hair so  
 well curl'd,  
 He looks like a man of the very first  
 world.

*And in dancing.*

Then he puts on his hat, with a smile  
 on his face,  
 And delivers his hand with an exqui-  
 site grace,  
 And 'tis thought that so well does he  
 caper and dance,  
 In that, as in war, he will soon con-  
 quer France.

*The following is written upon a sheet of paper, framed, and hung up in the same room.*

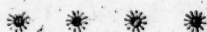
1766.

*A codicil to lord H-ll-nd's will.*

To the intent that when I'm dead,  
 The noble captain's name may live,  
 I have at Kingsgate fix'd his head,  
 The greatest honour I can give ;—  
 And that due care may not be wanting,  
 To keep his laurels in their prime,  
 To moisten properly my planting  
 I make this codicil in rhyme.  
 To my son Charles, I do bequeath  
 (Charg'd on my tenements in Kent)  
 Long as the noble Bob shall breathe,  
 Of two pounds two, an annual rent,  
 By my said son and his assigns,  
 July the third, to be spent yearly,  
 To drink Bob's health in punch, in  
 wines;  
 Witness my hand (I love him dearly)  
 H—L L—N D.  
 N. B.



N. B. If any girl in the neighbourhood is lying-in of a child, on any third of July, reputed to be the noble captain's; it is the testator's will, that a bottle of strong Malaga, with some nutmeg, be sent to her, and her health drank in a bumper.



*The following letters are part of a correspondence that lately past between a certain male, and a female genius, whose memoirs may perhaps very soon make some noise in the world; and, as Mr. Addison, says, that nothing is more attractive of attention, than some anecdotes or memoirs of such as begin to be the subjects of public observation, this will be a sufficient apology for their finding a place here.*

“ Madam,

“ I have 89,6457862134,89637129, and, indeed, an infinite greater number of pardons to beg of you, and which,

which, tho' innumerable, fall far short of being adequate to my fault—I mean my folly. But as mercy is the most divine attribute of Heaven, so, in it's fairest representative, I may, doubtless, expect to find it in full perfection. Flattered with this hope, I have dared to supplicate you to forgive me, though the only excuse I can make, is but an aggravation of my crime.—Intoxication in a lady's company is a deadly sin against beauty, and though confession in the Romish church, is allowed to be some atonement, for even the most atrocious guilt; I am afraid, in the religion of love, it cannot be pleaded as an extenuation of so capital an offence.

“ Thus, madam, I stand self-convicted, self-condemned, and, if you will not intercede in my behalf, that punishment will follow, which I so amply merit.

“ If I must suffer, let me, I intreat you, at least hear the sentence pronounced by you once more: this will, in some measure, mitigate my pangs, and  
furnish

furnish me with an opportunity of assuring you, that, even in my last moments, I shall ever retain the most perfect idea of your goodness, and remain inviolably yours, more than words can express.

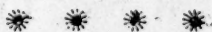
HORATIO.

*Answer to the foregoing.*

“ I did not think it possible to have forgiven you—but I have read your letter, and must acknowledge, I think you have almost atoned for your fault. You are the first man, I believe, that ever united calculation and wit, and I really am inclined to think the odds are in your favour.—But, you must not come till nine—Lady Dorothy drinks tea with me, and you know the vibration of her tongue will not cease till half past eight.—Even then, nothing but parsimony, (I do not mean of words) prevails. John knows my mind and her disposition. He notifies the arrival of her chair, three quarters of  
of

of an hour before it really comes, and nothing but the dread of a double fare, makes her shut up her shop of loquacity. She has some of those things, which may be considered by you among the *secondary* good ones at least; and as I may stand some chance of possessing them at second hand, perhaps, even so rigid a philosopher as yourself, may think they will add something *intrinsic* to my value.—So lady Dorothy must be endured. Adieu till nine,

M A R I A.



*The following little poem may serve to illustrate farther this correspondence, as it was written nearly about the same period by Horatio.*

T O M A R I A.

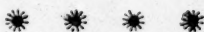
Happy the hour I saw Maria's face  
And form, where centers ev'ry pleasing  
grace;

Where

Where bounteous Nature, lavish of her  
 store,  
 Tells the admirer she cou'd do no more;  
 Yet 'tis not face nor shape, or grace-  
 ful air,  
 That I would call perfection in the fair;  
 A sprightly wit, with more than fe-  
 male sense,  
 A tongue not capable to give offence;  
 A heart to pride and flatt'ry a foe,  
 No friend to coxcombs, nor the tin-  
 sell'd beau :  
 These, these Maria, may'st thou justly  
 boast,  
 Tho' in description half thy merit's lost.  
 Hail, lovely lass! for all that's lovely's  
 thine,  
 And thou'rt (if possible on earth)  
 divine;  
 'Tis morning, banish all my cares away  
 Joy of the night and blessing of the day!  
 'Tis thou can'st soothe each throbbing  
 in my breast,  
 Calm ev'ry thought, and lull my soul  
 to rest:

When

When thy heaving bosom claspt I lay  
 Melted in love and all dissolved away,  
 With equal rapture I beheld thee burn,  
 Meet joy with joy, and love for love  
 return.



*An ingenious traveller lately returned from  
 the tour of Germany, made the follow-  
 ing sensible remarks.*

“ It is astonishing that none of the German princes, many of whom are sensible, enlightened, and even learned, should not consult the ease and satisfaction of their subjects so far, as to render the roads of Germany tolerably passable, and improve the present barbarous manner of travelling there. Post chaises are entirely unknown there, and a coach upon the roads is almost a phenomenon, which is generally destroyed before it can complete a journey. Open carts are the only vehicles for travellers, and the inns are so bad  
 and



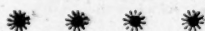
and so distant, that passengers may travel a week, night and day, without quitting them. Those who visit the modern Cæsar at Berlin, are shocked at the barbarity and disagreeableness of the journey. It should seem that the ease, satisfaction, and accommodation of his subjects, would be objects equally worthy of his attention, as the destruction of the human species; not to mention the advantage he might derive from turnpikes and post chaises, and the incitement good roads, commodious carriages, and agreeable inns, would be to foreigners to visit his dominions, and of course spend their money there. This last consideration, and the recent emoluments Mr. Allen, of Bath, derived from the institution of cross posts in England, might, it is judged, be no small inducement to so enterprising a prince, to render the seat of the muses less inaccessible.

H

Mr. S—

Mr. S— lately made a discovery at a coffee-house in Pall-mall, which greatly surprised and diverted the company. A person frequently came there, very genteelly dressed, whom nobody knew: his attention to old newspapers, and his constant taciturnity, made the company conclude that he was either a political lion, a foreign spy, or a news collector. One evening Mr. S— sitting opposite to him, could not help remarking the stranger's coat, which so nearly resembled one of his, that he could not refrain asking the stranger, where he had bought those buttons, as his taylor had informed him they were the first of the pattern in London. The stranger's voice, startled Mr. S—, and, upon a closer inspection, he found him to be his own footman, so disguised as nothing but these circumstances could have discovered, as, being of a very fair complexion, he had blacked his eye-brows and beard, and put on a wig over his hair. Finding himself detected, he  
fell

fell upon his knees and implored for mercy, pleading, as the only apology for wearing his master's cloaths and appearing in that company, that he was that night to have made off with an heiress in that neighbourhood for Scotland.

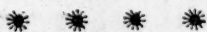


The propriety or impropriety of wearing hair to several professions, particularly physic and the law, hath frequently been discussed, without any precise determination; but an accident that lately happened to a certain barrister during the course of his pleading, seems to have illustrated this matter beyond all argumentation: his periwig fell off in the vehemence of his reasoning, and discovered his head of hair and his queue tail. This circumstance would not have been so mortifying, if his brother opponent had not archly

H 2

observed,

observed, “ thereby hung a tail, which he thought his brother on the opposite side would not have discovered.”



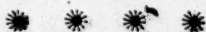
A curious lacquey, who waited upon an antiquated dowager, being dismissed by her in a pet, entertained his next master with the conversation he sometimes overheard, when the dowagers got together. His mistress complained that her pensioner thought he did very handsomely by her, if he visited her four or five times a week, though she allowed him three hundred a year, besides occasional presents. A second, who had retained a chamber counsel of eminence for some years, discovered a pretended female client in his chambers, who upon enquiry proved to be his mistress. Lady — was of opinion, that the best was to pay as one went, and then there could be no imposition. The dowager of — joined with lady —, saying she had been of this way of thinking

thinking these fifty years past, and would never alter her plan were she to live fifty years longer. The honourable Mrs. — said she had improved upon her ladyship's and her grace's scheme, and she had her men always ready, as they were neither more nor less than her own chairmen, whom she always chose to be stout Welchmen, as they beat the Irishmen all to nothing in point of punctuality. Miss —, spinster at fifty-four, thought the Parade the finest place to chuse, where she could command a whole company as cheap as some feed a single chamber counsel, who perhaps had too many female clients to attend properly to her business. This wicked lacquey must certainly have been a discarded pensioner.



Colonel L—, who is one of the most errant punsters breathing, and who frequently stumbles upon an excellent *double-entendre*, being reprehended by  
a lady

a lady at his incessant attempts at *double-meaning*, replied it was very true, and he thought it no disgrace to have a double meaning in what he said, it being very proper to make up for the deficiency of other people's success, who attempted only single meanings.



When it was reported that Mr. L—, one of the patentees of D. L. had sustained a considerable loss by not succeeding in opening a coal pit, near Oxford, a certain genius at the Bedford said, he must certainly be very avaricious, or else he might content himself with the opening of the pit in D. L. which was superior in value to any coal pit in England; and with respect to the vein he should endeavour to discover, it was the true vein of humour suited to the taste of the town.

A quarrel

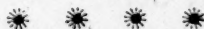


A quarrel lately ensued at Ashley's punch-house between two gentlemen of the gown. The subject of the dispute was the sum of three shillings and sixpence, which one had borrowed of the other sometime before, on condition of giving him a cast in a post chaise to Henly upon Thames, where he was to preach the next day. But they having both got pretty mellow, the gentleman who had received the cash, left his reverend brother wallowing in the mud, and, *to meer mortals seemed a priest in drink.*

At their next meeting this matter was discussed, and the argument became so very warm, not to say bloody, that the company charged them with the watch, and being the next day carried before a magistrate, they were severely reprimanded for the impropriety of their behaviour.

The

The anatomy of a female, according to the ladies, consists only of head, face, neck, stomach, arms, hands, legs and feet? This chaste dissection was lately the cause of a whimsical mistake in a physician, who prescribed a puke for his patient, when she should have taken a clyster; but her maid, who had more sense and less delicacy, than the mistress, acquainted the doctor, after he had left his patient, that her lady's complaint lay in a different part to what she had represented—Where is it, said the doctor?—Lord, Sir, said she, my mistress would never forgive me if I were to tell you—but I'll put your hand upon it if you please.



A certain genius was an officer of marines in the late war, and being at sea in an engagement, when one of our brave admirals gave the French a hearty

heartily drubbing, he was found, after the battle was over, under a barrel in the hold. Upon his fellow officer's remonstrating to him the impropriety of his behaviour, and the danger he ran of being broke for cowardice ; replied, he had done all he could upon deck, and did not quit his post till such time as he had besh—t himself, as they might easily smell. Upon his arrival at Portsmouth, he immediately set out post for London, where when he arrived he waited upon Lord A—, who then presided at the Admiralty. Being admitted to an audience of his lordship, he addressed him thus ; “ My lord, I am come post from Portsmouth, in order to give up my commission into your lordship's own hands, as I find, by experience, I am quite incapable of serving as an officer—In a word, my lord, I thought I was a man of courage ; but I find by experience I am an errant coward, and therefore, my lord I beg you will order my dismissal. At the same time, I humbly crave your  
I lordship's

lordship's assistance, to set me up in a calling I imagine I shall shine more in, which is that of a poet; and if your lordship will only furnish me with the necessary implements for carrying it on, I promise you, I will never more think of military affairs." His lordship was pleased with his ingenuous declaration, and not only furnished him with the means of purchasing the apparatus of poetry, but also continued him upon the half-pay list.



A young fellow whose real name was J—gs, lately imposed upon the public in a more daring manner than can be instanced in any history, by the deepest or most artful impostors. He forged an imaginary will of one Sm—th, whom he averred was dead in the East-Indies, and had left him a very considerable Asiatic fortune. To this will he administered, and obtained an a— of of p— to change his name from J—gs  
to



“ without a man had a mind to be  
“ smothered.”



F—te being one day walking in the Park, and at length tired, seated himself on a bench, where was a young fellow, who presently began to hum a tune, pretty loud, but most dissonantly disagreeable. It grating the genius's ears, who was not disposed to remove, he said to the chanter, “ Pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you which house you belong to; for I think I recollect your agreeable voice upon the stage.” The stranger with some surprise replied, he was certainly mistaken, for he did not belong to either house; “ Good G—d,” resumed F—te, “ it is a thousand pities, you'd be a great addition to the vocal performers—May I crave your name, Sir, that I may recommend you to my friend Garrick; he'll be vastly happy in such  
an



an acquisition." It were almost needless to add, the vocal musician could neither sing nor sit any longer.



A thought occurred to P— W—, which he communicated to a friend, whilst at Sadler's Wells, occasioned by some disagreeable and dangerous parts of the performance. "It is astonishing that Englishmen should have such a proneness to barbarous and shocking spectacles. They formerly resorted to Broughton's amphitheatre, at one time to see an eye knocked out; at others to see a man hacked with a broad sword. Cock-fighting is still a favourite sport amongst the great and little vulgar. They were vastly angry because a man could not literally get into a quart bottle; but were, at length, somewhat appeased to find harlequin jump down his own throat.—A fire-eater has been burnt to death in the exhibition of his art; and if Maddox,  
the

the wire-dancer, had not been born to be drowned, he certainly would have broke his neck before he had done. I am convinced, from this review of the past follies and extravagant expectations of my countrymen, that a man with courage enough to publish an advertisement to the effect I am going to mention, would collect a large sum, or at least be provided for.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

On Monday next will be represented many very extraordinary feats of desperation. The famous operator for the teeth will draw all his own teeth before the audience, and replace them again instantaneously in their sockets. He will then swallow half a dozen knives and forks, and digest them before the company, in the same manner that curious piece of mechanism (a duck) did some years since in the Haymarket. He will then cut off his nose, pin it on again, and take snuff as well as ever,

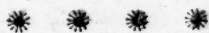
to

to the surprize of the whole company. He will tear out both his eyes, and fling them into the Pit, for the amusement of the audience.

The whole to conclude with *blowing out his brains* with a blunderbuss; to the great astonishment of all present.

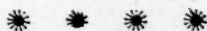
Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. Gallery 2s.

N. B. No persons, whatever, can be admitted behind the scenes, as the undertaker's man is to be there ready with a shell; and as the jurymen are immediately to sit upon the body, in the Green-room, to bring it in *lunacy*.



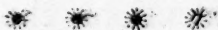
F—te remarked, upon the demise of doctor B—n, that the estimator had cut his throat, to prove (*multum in parvo*) the rectitude of all his conclusions upon the manners and principles of the times; being the sum total of all his theoretical *divisions*, reduced  
to

to this single and concise rule of  
*Practice.*



A certain very impudent man, the initial of whose name was W—, being one night at Ranelagh, and observing a gentleman come in with a remarkable ill-made coat, said to his friend, “Let’s roast the put;”—and, making up to the stranger, thus addressed him; “Sir, I hope you will excuse me—but I could not possibly refrain taking the liberty of asking you who is your taylor?” The gentleman, who was surprised into an answer, very civilly replied, “Mr. —, in — Street.” “Thank you, Sir, said W—, I’m much obliged to you—for I’ll be d—’d, if I don’t take particular care never to employ him.”

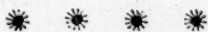
It is no wonder that this genius should be so conversant in the cut of cloaths, and the doctrine of tayloring, as it is well assured he dress'd as well as any man in town, without being at a farthing expence, for several years; as a saying of his to a subaltern officer seems to corroborate: upon being desired a recommendation to his taylor, "No," said W—, "I recommend no man to my taylor, without he is a man of fortune, for I can ruin him fast enough, without the assistance of another."



Mr. W—, who loves good eating and frolic, as much as any man on this side Chester; one day invited a certain needy doctor to dine with him; he plied the doctor very plentifully with venison and claret; and, when he thought Esculapius had taken a sufficient dose of both, he asked him what

K. he

he recommended as the best thing to prevent indigestion after a hearty meal—The doctor ran over the old trite collection of recipes; to every one of which W— shook his head—“ No—you have not hit it,—that won’t do—I am surprized at your ignorance.” It was needless for the doctor to quote his authorities, Galen, Boerhaave, and the rest—“ No,” said W—, “ you know nothing of the matter—I’ll prescribe to you, for once, the best thing in nature against indigestion.”—Saying this, he took up a horse-whip and gave the doctor a chase the length of St. James’s Street. The doctor often mentions the recipe, but never signs *probatum est*.



Tom L—, who has hoarded up more remarks, observations, and reflexions than any man breathing, has, among the rest, fixed it as an invariable position, that, “ being ridiculous



is frequently more fatal to a man than being criminal." From these premises, he never deviates; so, hearing that nothing is more ridiculous than dangling after the women, and paying them the adulation of angels, he is wanting in common complaisance to the sex, and despised by them accordingly. Finding that *coxcombs* and *petit maitres* were ridiculous by being too early in the fashion; he is always beginning to come in, when every body else is quitting it. Having heard that foreigners condemn us for the little respect we pay them, and even to one another, among ourselves in public: and that, particularly, nothing shews so little breeding as coming into a coffee-house without bowing, Tom, to shew his breeding, takes off his hat to every man there: and thus, to avoid being ridiculous, he is constantly completely so.

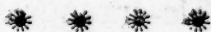
An Irish compositor of a certain English News-Paper, was furnished, by an Irish collector, with the following articles of intelligence, which were actually printed off *verbatim*, in several copies.

“ Last Sunday morning a boat going from Temple stairs to Lambeth, was overfet in the high wind, a little below Deptford, and all the passengers unfortunately drowned, except one lady, who has left a disconsolate widow big with child, and seven small children.”

“ The diversions of Vauxhall Gardens opened last night; it was a remarkable fine evening for the time of year; and it is computed there were upwards of twenty thousand of the first nobility present.”

*Shenstone,*

*Shenstone*, speaking of a certain author's abilities in writing and conversation, said, " His wit is like *Æther*; it is so volatile it evaporates before it can be got upon paper.



*The following observation was made by the above gentleman.*

The people of this age are always in a hurry upon the road; they formerly used to travel sedately, and endeavour to see the places through which they passed; but now they seem to ride post as if they were going to assist a dying friend, from whom they expected a handsome legacy, or were driving afterwards to Doctors Commons to throw in a caveat.



Now we mention this gentleman, we shall give the following remark  
upon

upon his writings ; how justly grounded, we shall leave the reader to determine.

“ Shenstone, who almost constantly exclaims against indelicacy of expression and double-entendres, is, in more places than one, guilty, at the same time, of both crimes. One instance shall suffice at present. *There is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased—One would not in them require the unfashionable abyfs.* p. 252. vol. 3. of his miscellanies.



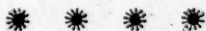
Mr. S—, the author, some time since resided in a house where dwelt a shoemaker. The Bard's apartment was up two pair-of-stairs, Crispin's in the garret. The shoemaker's wife applied to Mr. S— for his custom, who answered, “ he had no objection to employ her husband, provided he promised

mised not to make his shoes ; there  
 being an Italian proverb, which her  
 husband had often put him in mind of,  
*Never to set a tinker to work in your own  
 neighbourhood.*" The good woman,  
 who was no *Sancho Pancha*, either by  
 sex, or complexion, and little ac-  
 quainted with proverbs, continued,  
 " Her husband was a pains taking in-  
 dustrious man, and worked early and  
 late." To which the Bard replied,  
 that, " this he was but too well con-  
 vinced of, and that it was for fear of  
 increasing his industry, and thereby  
 still more disturbing his own rest, that  
 he refused conferring upon him the  
 honour of being his shoemaker, ordi-  
 nary and extraordinary." Crispin's  
 wife concluded S— was mad, and  
 flew to communicate the intelligence  
 to her help-mate, and incessant mortifi-  
 er of souls and bodies.

Good and ill fortune have various and almost opposite effects upon different dispositions; and the hair-breadth partitions between felicity and misery, operate with still more extraordinary effects; this was exemplified by two persons, adventurers in a late lottery, who stood in the same predicament with respect to the favours, or rather frowns of dame Fortune. L—, had stretched all his credit, and disposed of all his effects to purchase a lottery ticket, and all his hopes were centered in the success of this purchase. He was in the Hall (where he constantly attended to catch the happy tidings) when his ticket came up a *blank*! The next was drawn ten thousand pounds.—He went home and hanged himself. Now, different did a parallel circumstance operate upon F—. His ticket was drawn the very next after the ten thousand—but a blank. He considered this as being the very next upon the list after Fortune's highest favourite; upon the strength of which he gave a supper,  
that



that cost twenty pounds, to his acquaintance.



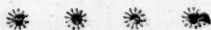
A certain Frenchman who was here sometime since, observed, that the English of the lower class were incapable of bearing either good or bad fortune: "If," said he, "they are ruined, or have the greatest prize in the lottery, the immediate consequence is getting very drunk, and perhaps continuing so till they are in a high fever. Now," continued he, "our countrymen, with all their frivolity, are far greater philosophers; nothing depresses them, and nothing can increase their natural volatile spirits."

Quere (by an Englishman) *Is this the effect of insensibility or reflexion?*



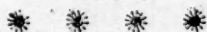
The intolerably coxcomicalness of  
some characters should be severely  
L pointed

pointed out. E— D— constantly walks in the Park with a nosegay so disposed in his button-hole, as to resemble, at a very little distance, a star. G—s, wears a purple hanging sword-belt over his waistcoat, that it may be taken for the ribbon of the order of the garter. These knights of folly cannot be too publicly laughed at.



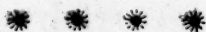
Several ingenious writers have exemplified the disappointment frequently met with, by being too greatly prepared for the company of an expected wit, or the sight of an extraordinary beauty. The geniusses (as they call themselves) of the present age, have perhaps afforded more complaint upon this head, than all the wits, or witlings, philosophers, or pedants, of any one period in the annals of criticism. Mr. T— was invited one evening into one of these associations—a select company of geniusses, where he promised himself,

self, from the representation of his introducer, very great amusement; but the bill of fare consisting of one playing upon a salt-box, a second mew-ing like a cat, a third f—ing at will, a fourth singing a very bad song, without either taste or music, a fifth telling a story that had been told a thousand times before, a thousand times better; T— whispered to his friend, that, as he could do nothing in that way, he should only interrupt their mirth, and that, as they were a company of select geniusses, he was resolved they should remain so.



One *Bambridge*, a cobbling watch-maker, meeting *Tompion* one day in Moorfields, stopt him, and, taking him by the hand, said he was heartily glad to see him. *Tompion* expressed his surprise, saying *Bambridge* had the advantage of him. "Why, Sir," said he, "don't you know me.—You and I are

I are the two most famous men of the trade." Indeed! said *Tompion*, may I crave your name? "Bambridge, Sir," — "I never heard of it before Sir; are you in the repeating or the stop way," rejoined *Tompion*. "Neither, Sir," resumed *Bambridge*: "yet I tell you once more, we are the two most famous men of the trade—You for being the best, and I for being the worst watch-maker in the world."



The ridicule of general mournings in England, hath been justly pointed out by many of our satyrists, but it still prevails, and the death of a petty German prince, who was scarce ever heard of in his life-time, shall set the whole metropolis in fables, to the great detriment of trade, and injury of the poor manufacturers. But these considerations are not likely to remedy the evil, if the folly and absurdity of the custom will not, properly displayed,  
tend

tend to it's abolition. A short dialogue sometime since took place, during one of these mournings, between a country justice who came to pay a Christmas visit to his friends in town, and an upstart fine lady, whose husband was a grocer.

*Just.* Bless me cousin, who are you in mourning for? I hope we have lost none of the family since I saw you last.

*Lady*—Good Heavens! ha, ha, ha, I vow you make me laugh: where have you lived—a country justice indeed! No—we have lost none of the family.

*Just.* I don't understand your raillery, cousin—if none of the family is dead, why are you in mourning?

*Lady.* Why because every body's in mourning: I should be a perfect sight in colours.

*Just.* I hope we have lost none of the royal family lately—

*Lady.* No—No—Make yourself easy, cousin—it is somebody you never saw or heard of.

*Just.*

*Just.* Indeed!—this is very strange. But pray who is it?

*Lady.* Why, I'm in mourning for—let me see, prince—prince—what the duce do they call him, with that long hard name?—Here, Betty, go to the alehouse, and desire 'em to lend me the Daily Advertiser—tell 'em I won't keep it a minute—I only want to see who I am in mourning for.

*Just.* And pray, cousin, won't you give me leave to laugh in turn? ha, ha, ha!—in mourning for a prince with a long hard name, that you never saw or heard of before. Get the news-paper, cousin, and be sure you learn his name right, before you ever wear that black gown again.



Colley Cibber, in one of his prologues, says,

“London's self is going out of town.”  
Were he alive now he would conclude it was fairly gone. This thought was  
occasioned



occasioned by a friend of mine lately acquainting me he had taken another house, which was far more airy than his last. I asked him if it were a town house or a country house, "Oh! a town house," said he. "Whereabouts is it, said I." "A little beyond Marybone." "Bless me," cried I, "that's half a mile beyond your snug box, which you took for a country retreat two years ago." "There's nothing in that," said he, "it is very common now to have a town house in one street, and a country house in the next."



Dick L— is a man of the greatest adventure in the world, and this known character draws upon him many uncommon incidents that never could happen to any one else: he frequently receives fictitious letters, which lead him into other appointments, and whilst he frustrates another's intrigue, he promotes his own that he never expected.

Dick

Dick constantly answers all advertisements of single ladies desirous to be united in holy wedlock; bucksome widows, emulous of being house-keepers to single gentlemen; and even handsome wenches that want to be under a man-cook. On the other hand, when Dick is at a loss for game, he throws in an advertisement, for an agreeable partner for life, or during pleasure: and these advertisements are productive of various answers, many of which are ludicrous: but his great judgment in these affairs generally leads him to discover the well-disposed fair hand from the impostor's scrawl. Notwithstanding this penetration, Dick was lately imposed upon, and the consequences had like to have been serious. Dick had advertised for an agreeable female companion, and received, among other answers, one that had all the air of sincerity. A short correspondence took place, which still more corroborated the good dispositions of the lady, and an appointment naturally ensued.

ensued. The rendezvous was at a very genteel house in Westminster. He previously enquired in the neighbourhood, if such a lady resided there; and received all possible satisfaction, as to her beauty and merit. Happy Dick was punctual to the moment, enquired for the lady, and was shewn up into the dining-room. The lady appeared and inquired his business—he told her it was of such a nature, he could not acquaint her with it in presence of her servant—she retired—he flung himself at her feet, pressing, kissing, almost devouring her hand, whilst he informed her he was but the too happy Dorimant, whom she had honoured with her correspondence. This great and unexpected familiarity terrified the lady so much, that, just as her husband entered the room, she fainted. Such a critical swoon; such a situation; such a posture; such an unexpected discovery, all united to excite jealousy and immediate revenge in the husband's breast. Dick saw the storm—it was needless to ex-

M

postulate.

postulate—the sword was half drawn—it was neck or nothing—so he flung up the window and took the lover's leap.

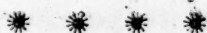


It sometimes happens that facts less resemble truths than fictions; by reason that those who invent the latter, take care to square them to the rules of probability; whereas the former, being often extraordinary and improbable, cannot be tried by these rules.



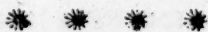
Lady M—, who is not less remarkable for painting, and it's usual effects upon the eyes, than the severity of her repartees, met with an unexpected thrust the other day from a citizen, whom she supposed quite enveloped in India stock, and incapable of saying a smart thing. “ Bless me, Mr. G—, you are good for sore eyes.” “ I am  
very

very happy, madam, (he replied) to hear it, as I shall be of some service to your ladyship."



Mrs. T— is now (by her own account) forty-four years of age, within the limits of being a mother, and still solicitous of a husband and an heir; conscious that all female beauty, especially at her critical time of life, appears to the most advantage by candle-light, has judiciously resolved (indeed for these twenty years last past) never to risque her complexion to the injury of the sun. Wherefore she constantly withdraws to rest as soon as day-light begins to intrude upon the polite world, and never rises till that vulgar planet Phœbus disappears. The windows of her house are shut when she retires to bed; the knocker is taken off, and her servants are then, and only then, allowed to go to bed; the bell is muffled, that no interruption may be offered to

her repose ; which hint she judiciously took, as she acknowledges, from lady Townley, who most justly and piteously complains, “ that what with the knocking at the door in the morning, and the noise of the servants feet at noon, there’s no getting a wink of sleep all night.” Her chamber bell is the alarm to the family, who generally rise about seven in winter, and nine in summer, [*Nota bene*, in the evening] the shutters are then opened, the knocker takes it’s proper post, the bell is unmuffled ; and, as the French express it, “ Il yfait jour alors.”



Mrs. E—, who resided several years in Princes-Street, Leicester-Fields, was a character of a very different complexion. She rose early, to enjoy the benign light and warmth of Phœbus ; but neither of them were sufficient for her, as she had constantly two candles burning, and a large fire, in summer.

With

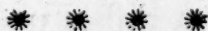


With these aids she was a constant reader in her parlour, which was never darkened with either blinds or curtains. An alarum clock, which marked the dead seconds, was placed before her, that not one instant of her life might escape her inattentively; and she ruminated upon fleeting time, in snuffing the candles. She dined upon a side-table, not to disturb the apparatus and progress of time, and had as many plates as there were minutes in the hour, which were removed every five minutes, by five each: and she eat of twelve different dishes upon these sixty plates.

I shall not take upon me to say whether these ladies were, or are still mad; but if they had been properly lodged on the east side of Moorfields, between the curables and incurables, their loss to society in the polite world, would not, it is thought, have been utterly irreparable.

Mr.

Mr. K—, brother to a certain l—d, was in the army at Gibraltar, and had strong recommendations to lord H—. He there made a very brilliant figure, with equipage and servants: his finances failing, he retired into the Jesuits college; but being reclaimed as a British subject, he came over to England, and obtained a genteel place under the government; which he disposed of for a trifle, and was lately a common porter at Bristol.



Colonel D—, when he held only a subaltern's commission, being at Bath, he gave his name into his landlady, and stiled himself a *lieutenant*. He was then in his prime, one of the finest fellows in the army, and she a jolly buxsome widow—No wonder, then, at her protesting, she had been acquainted with many captains, who had been her lodgers, but never before met with a lieutenant,

lieutenant, and she was therefore resolved to know the difference.



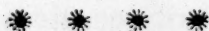
Mr. K—, who is, perhaps, the most absent man in the three kingdoms, came one birth-night, full dressed, to White's, and had forgot his stockings, which he did not recollect till he spilt some hot coffee upon his legs. He immediately sent a waiter to buy him a pair of white silk stockings, saying, he was never guilty of such a piece of absence before;—when the waiter brought the stockings, he put them both upon one leg and went to court.



There is a set of gentry, who call themselves merchants, but seem to deal mostly in eating, when it is a cheap commodity; and whose names run through almost the whole alphabet, who dine every day in the week upon  
whets

whets about 'Change, to the great annoyance of gentlemen, and the utter ruin of the tavern-keepers in that neighbourhood.

N. B. A list of their names will soon be hung up in every tavern kitchen between the Mansion-house and Bishopsgate.



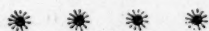
F—te, some time ago, took a house at Hammersmith, that was advertised to be completely furnished. But he had not been there long before the cook complained there was never a rolling-pin—"No," said he, "then bring me a saw, I'll soon make one." which he accordingly did, of one of the mahogany bed-posts. The next day it was discovered there wanted a coal-scuttle; and he supplied this deficiency with a drawer from a curious japan chest of drawers. There was never a carpet in the parlour, and he ordered a new white cotton counterpane to be laid

laid to save the boards. His landlord paying him a visit, to inquire how he liked his new residence, was greatly astonished to find such disorder, as he considered it: he remonstrated to Mr. F—te, and complained of the injury his furniture had sustained; but the genius insisted upon it, all the complaint was on his side, considering the trouble he had been at to supply those necessaries, notwithstanding he had advertised his house completely furnished. The landlord now threatened the law; and F—te threatened to take him off, saying, an auctioneer was a fruitful character. This last consideration weighed with the landlord, and he quietly put up with his loss.



Every anecdote of so extraordinary a character, naturally excites the curiosity of the public: when F—te had gained a pretty considerable sum by giving tea, he resumed the *bon ton*,  
N
from

from which he had been a good while sequestered; and as it was necessary to have a lady to do the honours of the table, he took one upon Harris's recommendation, and she was introduced to him at the Shakespear. He approved of her carving; and, after supper was over, ordered her home, as he had in vain endeavoured to make her speak during the whole repast. A friend of his present, whilst F—te was complaining of her stupidity, complimented him upon his acquisition; saying, "that a silent woman, who was a perfect mistress of the honours of bed and board, was one of the most desirable objects upon earth."



A certain ignorant citizen, and his fat wife, visited Mr. F—te, one morning whilst he gave Tea in the Hay-market, and being of an œconomical turn, they walked it from Aldgate, though the weather was very warm. Having  
taken



taken their seats in the gallery, the lady began to disclose her warmth, and fan herself, whilst she observed; "they need not have been in such a hurry, as none of the tea things were ready yet, though it was past eleven." Upon which her judicious husband observing, that the people at the west end of the town seldom rose till noon; "Lord," said she, "if I had known that, I'd have breakfasted before I came."




A language-master of some reputation lately proposed, by written advertisements in various coffee-houses, to teach parrots French and Italian. To which a certain wag added, in a very similar hand; "to swear with a genteel grace, and utter *double entendres* according to the most approved method."

*A comparative view of the advantages  
and disadvantages of the Sexes.*

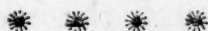
The men command in the field, advise in the cabinet, and enact in the senate. The women preside at table, govern the family, and nurse the children. The men fight for their country and their honour; are answerable for their wives debts and trespasses, and are compelled to support such children as are legally sworn to them. The ladies have no honour to support but in affairs of gallantry; are not compelled to pay any debts, but those created at play—and have the satisfaction of knowing their children are certainly their own. The ladies have the pains of child-bearing, though the weaker vessel; are subject to some natural disorders; and have not the privilege of making away with their fortunes (in most cases) without the consent of their husbands; but, then, they have the sole and absolute disposal of their  
pin-

pin-money, which is frequently applied to the rearing and cultivating of horns. The women may, and often do wear breeches, though the men are never intitled to petticoats, unless they are Highlanders—They have not (or at least ought not to have) beards, and therefore are not obliged to submit to that most disagreeable operation (particularly in frosty weather) of shaving.

N. B. It has been determined by a jury of intelligent matrons, that no woman can be cuckolded; though they may make great strides towards initiating their husbands into the order of the Bucks.

 A duel was never known to be fought between two ladies—except at Billingsgate; when, instead of sword or pistol, they make use of that far more offensive weapon—a tongue. Tearing of caps has sometimes been considered as part of the ceremony of routs, and even hurricanes—but renting of reputations

is here the invariable object, and which is always done with impunity.



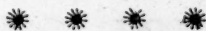
An author of some reputation, not long since, took a lodging in a very decent street, and in a seemingly very decent house. He had not, however, resided there long, before, returning one night, he found the candle, that was usually left for him, extinguished. But this he imputed to accident, as rush-lights would sometimes go out of themselves; exploring his way up stairs, he found no chair to sit upon; and this he ascribed to their being moved to the other end of the room; so he sat down upon the bed, undressed, and got into it. He was disturbed early in the morning by an uncommon knocking at his chamber door, when jumping up to know the cause, he saw his room dismantled of all the furniture, except the bed and bedding: but though this did not a little surprize him,

the

the thundering at the chamber door still more alarmed him, for he not opening it very expeditiously, he presently saw two constables, with assistants, enter the room, having forced the staple. "So," said one, "have we got you, my lad?—the nest is flown, but here's the bird." The bard desired an explanation; when he was informed, that the landlord and landlady had, in the night, moved off, undiscovered, with all the furniture of the house, except the bed he lay on; and that he was doubtless an accomplice. He assured them of his innocence; but this was of no signification, and he would certainly have been hurried into confinement, if the *devil* had not come very opportunely with a proof; and he soon fetched his master, who became responsible for the poet.

*The following outlines of an essay, were certainly designed to appear more diffusely; but the editor here gives them as he found them in the M. S.*

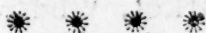
“ Why may not a *beauty* be blind? Lady C—y never saw any of her former acquaintance, after she attained to a coronet. Justice, though a fine woman, and the most amiable of characters, is blind. Every pretty female, when in love, is blind. We are all blind to our own imperfections. This many will consider as a blind argument—and who cannot perceive, with half an eye, that it is time to say no more? so I subscribe myself your correspondent  
Little i.



A counsellor of the parliament of Paris was in the apartment of the duke de Choiseuil, when he was perusing the “ Family Compact”; and being  
called



called out upon business, his *politesse* was so great it would not allow him to take the treaty with him; but upon the counsellor's retiring from his visit, he was complimented with a *lettre de cachet*, and conducted to the Bastile, where he remained till the conclusion of the last war, and the *Family Compact* was either no longer a secret, or, at least, of no consequence to be kept such.



A certain French author, the initial of whose name is G—, was sometime since the principal actor in a tragic-comic-amorous scene. He had printed a book upon his own account, and received the profits arising from it; but had forgot the way to his printer's ever since the last sheet was worked off. He sometimes saw his typographer, when he constantly shook an empty purse at him, as an apology for the non-payment of the debt: the

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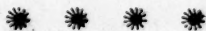
honest

honest printer shook his head in turn, but was unwilling to trouble the bard, lest his poverty should be real. Being at length under some difficulties, and compelled to make over his effects, the printer's creditors arrested the author, as he was coming out of the Orange coffee-house, with a monkey under his arm, which seemed to engage all his attention, though he was then in custody of the bailiffs. He was conducted to a certain lock-up-house near Clare-market, where his misfortunes seemed to make very little impression on him; for, besides being in company with his favourite monkey, he soon made acquaintance with a foreign quack, and a *fille de joye*, who were in the same predicament. The parties met the next morning, and agreed to compromise the affair upon his paying down all the cash he was then possessed of, which amounted to five guineas. After he was released, the plaintiffs found themselves under the necessity of paying (besides the usual expences

expences of the house) a guinea to the *fille de joye* for a night's company, and half a guinea to the quack for a box of venereal pills. "Pox on the rascal," said they, "one of these expences might certainly have sufficed him."



A certain eminent physician was lately sent for to a female patient, whose husband had lately had a quarrel with the doctor; and to the surprise of all her acquaintance (and particularly her husband) she recovered, after being given over by the rest of the faculty. It is said the lady had something of the vixen in her disposition, and her husband swears, that the doctor only cured her out of pure spite, that she might be a torment to him the rest of his life.



It is reported of the late doctor  
M—d, who, though he had many  
O 2                      singularities

angularities in his disposition, was not bereft of charity, that being sent for to an acquaintance of his, who was reduced, and finding his disorder to be chiefly occasioned by grief; after feeling his pulse, told him he should order him a draught that would give him present relief; and accordingly wrote one upon his banker for a hundred pounds.



A certain blustering captain, being one day at the St. James's coffee-house, and using some freedoms with lord D—, he took the captain by the collar and kicked him out. The captain came in again, without any visible embarrassment, and seating himself by the door, hummed a tune till a certain gentleman, who was supposed to roll his chariot upon the four aces, made his appearance. Upon which the captain rose, and taking him by the collar, damned him for a rascal and a scoundrel,

drest, and kicked him out of the room. Which having done, he came and seated himself by lord D—, whose passion by this time was somewhat abated. Why captain (said lord D—) your brave fit was just now upon you—how could you muster so much courage?—"Oh," said the captain, "your lordship is sensible, it all depends upon knowing one's man."



The same gallant blade was, some time since at Bath, and having a quarrel with an Irish gentleman at play, words came to such a height, that the captain told the Hibernian his honour would not let him put up with such an insult, and challenged him to meet the next morning. The Irish gentleman, who had heard of some of his philosophical exploits, told him, that he was not unwilling to give him the satisfaction he required, but that, if he only meant to bluster, and not appear according to  
his

his appointment, he should cane him wherever he met him. The captain being still more irritated at this language, it was agreed to meet, with sword and pistol, by six next morning. The captain was at the place of rendezvous before his antagonist. The Irish gentleman soon appeared, and was a good deal surprized to find him so punctual. They drew, and the captain began to lunge and plunge at a very secure distance: his antagonist bid him advance; but he still continued lunging and plunging, till, at length, he made an intentional false step, and fell flat upon his face. His antagonist bid him rise—"No," said he, "I'll be damned if I do till you are gone; and I am sure you are too generous to kill me when I am down." The Hibernian, however, gave him a hearty caning in this posture, whilst he asked him,

"*Irish.* Are not you a sad rascal?"

"*Capt.* Oh, yes."

*Irish.*

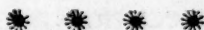


“ *Irish.* A great scoundrel ?”

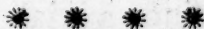
“ *Capt.* Yes, indeed, a very great one.”

“ *Irish.* A most errant coward ?”

“ *Capt.* The most errant coward in England.”

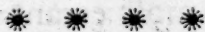


When F--te was informed of Tend--i's marriage in Ireland—he said it was the greatest insult that ever was offered the Irish nation, and that it was not at all wonderful they should resent it so highly towards him.—Now, if he had been married in England, continued he, it would have been nine days wonder, and a song.

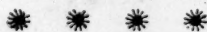


It is said of lord and lady V—e, that though their tempers and dispositions are as opposite as oil and vinegar, yet, when properly mixed, like those ingredients

gredients in sauce, they afford a very good relish to all their guests.

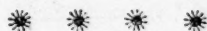


It is publickly said that the relations of a rich heiress are, at her request, commencing a prosecution against her husband, she declaring he obtained her under false pretences, and that the samples he displayed to her before marriage were fictitious, upon the strength of which she gave *him* her hand. If this cause should be tried in any of our courts, it is generally believed, that there will not be a *single lady* present.



Some time since a trial was expected to come on at the Old-Bailey for a rape; and as it was apprehended from the nature and intricacy of the evidence, that some very indecent interrogatories and replies would take place, the judge advised the ladies in the galleries  
to

to retire, that no offence might be offered to their delicacy: when the hon. Mrs. R—, who was at the head of a numerous female party, told his l—p, that, to prevent farther interruption, she thought it proper to acquaint his lordship, that “they were resolved to take their chance.”



The same lady, playing one night at questions and commands, asked captain M—, of the Guards, “Why did women pant the most, when they were the most pleased?” To which he replied “Because, let them be ever so obstinate in the beginning, they always knock under at last.”

*The author of the following little poem  
has, since his penning it (which was  
his first attempt in poetry) made some  
considerable figure in the literary world.*

On M I R A, at WOOLWICH.

By a C A D E T.

Ye youths, who the thunder of Britain  
have hurl'd,  
And fix'd her proud standards through-  
out the known world ;  
Who danger have met, without fear  
or dismay,  
To your safety attention I beg that  
you'll pay.  
Tho' peace throughout Europe has  
now fix'd her reign,  
Yet who knows how soon Britain may  
call you again ?  
Let fair Mira in Woolwich no longer  
be seen,  
But banish her far from your fam'd  
magazine ;

For

For the door of it ope' shou'd she ever  
surprize,  
And reflect on the powder the beams  
of her eyes;  
Your business they'll do, altho' not very  
civil,  
And you and your town, they will send  
to the devil.

F I N I S.

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